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June 1920.

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# THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



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## A Jack of All Trades.

ONE Thursday afternoon the youthful "Pepper" might have been discovered standing outside the confectioner's shop specially patronized by the college boys, apparently unable to make up his mind whether he should enter or turn away. A delicious smell of new buns, and a tinkle of spoons suggestive of ices, formed a strong inducement to pass within the swing doors; but still George hesitated, as, with hair upstanding and a frown on his face, he lingered on the baking pavement, flattening his nose against the broad sheet of plate glass, and running his eye thoughtfully over the numerous delicacies with which the window was stocked.

One by one the boys, who had been sharpening their appetite for dinner by devouring a few cakes and tarts, paid their score and hurried away. "Pepper" waited till the shop was empty, then entered quickly, as though having suddenly made up his mind what it was he really wanted.

If Blair or another of his classmates had been standing outside and had seen what he bought, they would certainly have been rather astonished at the purchase—a highly-ornamented box of chocolates, tied with a red ribbon, and costing no less a sum than two shillings. "Pepper" himself seemed rather astonished at his own extravagance, for he came out of the shop breathing hard, and hiding the paper bag beneath his coat. Why on earth should a boy of his shrewdness and experience buy chocolates in

a box instead of by weight? Ribbons, fancy paper, and coloured prints are not given away for nothing, and cannot be eaten; therefore why waste money on such frivolities?

For weeks past, though giving himself out to be "stony broke," "Pepper" had kept that florin wrapped up in paper, lest it should burn a hole in his pocket; the explanation of this conduct being that he had a sister two years younger than himself, whose birthday happened on the following Saturday, and for whom the box of sweets was intended as a gift.

Between brother and sister existed a strong bond of affection, which it was tacitly understood should seldom, as it were, rise to the surface, but of its depth and reality the incident recorded was a sure and unmistakable proof. A fig for the extravagant love scenes of romance! Here, indeed, was the real thing, when a small boy could, day after day, pass Budgett's seductive window, with the pleasant pop of ginger-beer corks sounding in his ears, and a silver florin scorching the lining of his pocket.

This, however, was not "Pepper's" view of the matter. He kept his guilty secret safely buttoned up beneath his jacket, and depositing the paper bag in a corner of his desk when nobody was looking, covered it with exercise books and other odds and ends.

Hereupon a fresh trial began to test the strength and endurance of his affection. Up to the present time he had found it hard to keep from spending the money; *now* the fear was lest, before he dispatched the box, he



should be unable to restrain himself from devouring the contents. On Friday morning he could no longer resist the temptation to see what was inside. The ornamental arrangement of the coloured creams, pink, white, and green, was most tantalizing.

"Just one," thought "Pepper." Then he resolutely put the box away, experiencing some difficulty in retying the ribbon in anything like the semblance of a bow.

Shortly before tea he was fumbling again with the box; it was to be sent away in the morning, and never again would he see what had cost him so much. He tried to picture what Millicent's face would look like when she opened the parcel.

"I should like to try what one of those green-topped ones tastes like," he mused. "I know she'd ask me to have one if she were here. One won't make any difference. My eye! prime, isn't it? Now, if I take another green one from the other side to make it even, and spread the others out a little, it won't be noticed that any are gone."

He was still enjoying the remains of the second sweet, when he heard some one calling him in the passage; and hastily pushing the box inside his desk, he ran out of the room.

It seemed from the first as if that birthday gift were ill-fated; for when the unfortunate "Pepper" returned to the classroom after tea, the first object which greeted his astonished gaze was the figure of Blair standing with the fancy box in his hand, calmly munching away at the contents as he

might have done had it been nothing more than a bag of cherries.

Young George rushed forward with something little short of murder in his eye.

"Give that here!" he shouted. "You beggar—those aren't yours!"

"All right, stingy!" growled Blair, in an injured tone. "I always give you a share of my tuck when I've got any."

"But these aren't mine," stormed the other.

"Well, how was I to know?" was the cool reply. "I saw you pegging away at them before tea."

"But they aren't mine!" repeated "Pepper" frantically; "and see how you've spoiled the whole thing!"

It was too true: Blair had devoured most of the coloured sweets, and worked havoc similar to what a moth might were it to eat the pattern out of a carpet slipper.

"All right; don't get waspy," retorted the offender. "I'll pay for what I've eaten. Whose is the bally box?"

"Shan't tell you," answered George, unwilling to expose the weak side of his nature to an irreverent classmate. "Anyway, it isn't yours, you greedy pig!"

"All right, young 'Pepper,'" exclaimed the injured Blair, turning away in high dudgeon. "You needn't pass your own plate the next time I take jam in for tea, d'you hear?"

George heard, but made no reply. He was too full of his misfortune to care much what Blair said or thought. The look of the box was ruined; and



it was impossible for him to replace the missing sweets, for he had not a farthing left to his name, either in hard cash or in "paper," which latter, in schoolboy money affairs, may be taken to mean stamps and postcards.

He went to bed perplexed, and arose next morning in a state bordering on despair. If the box went at all, it must be posted that evening; for, according to his ideas, a birthday present which arrived a day late was hardly worth having.

Soon after breakfast a thought struck him: he would appeal to Miller and ask his advice. Ever since a certain incident their friendship had been ripening, and George's faith in him was firmly established.

Miller was discovered sitting on a window ledge drilling holes in a piece of brass, the mysterious shape of which seemed to augur some fresh invention.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What's wrong with you?"

"Pepper" plunged boldly into his tale of woe; he could trust his older friend, and indeed the latter's solemn face never altered even at the absurd idea of sending sweets to one's sister.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Millicent."

"You don't call her *that*, do you?"

"Oh no!" answered "Pepper" promptly, and with an air of unbounded superiority. "I call her Midge—she's only a kid."

Miller nodded thoughtfully; then, absent-mindedly, picked out one of the last remaining coloured sweets from the box and put it in his mouth.

"Steady on!" cried young George, hastily withdrawing the box. "This isn't a collection plate! You're as bad as Blair."

"Sorry," answered the other. "I was just thinking what you could do. Look here. You know those boxes of lead soldiers you buy; there's just one layer of soldiers on top, and all the rest is stuffing. Well, why not put the under layer of chocolates on top, and fill up with paper?"

"Pepper" shook his head.

"We could eat the rest of this top lot," urged Miller.

"No fear!" answered young George stoutly. "I'm not going to serve Midge any shabby tricks like that. The box will have to be as full as it was at first."

The genius sat for a moment drawing lines on his forehead with the point of his drill.

"Can't you buy some more sweets to put in?" he inquired. "No? Well, see here—why not make 'em?"

"Make them!" echoed "Pepper."

"I can't make sweets, nor you either."

"I've made toffee before now."

"Well, any baby can make toffee, but you couldn't make chocolate."

"Couldn't I?" answered Miller, beginning to grow interested. "I'll bet you I could, or something jolly like it; and what's more, I've a good mind to try. All you'd want would be a packet of cocoa, and some sugar and butter. You could cook it in the lid of a tin box, and then when it cooled there's an old gun-wad punch in my desk that we could use for cutting it into rounds."



"I've got some sugar and a packet of cocoa," said "Pepper," brightening up, and yet speaking with some hesitation, as though doubtful of his friend's ability to carry out his astonishing proposal.

"Right you are!" cried Miller. "I'll get the butter, and we'll make them this afternoon. You haven't got anything else we could stick in to give 'em a flavour?"

"Pepper" thought for a moment, and then faintly suggested, "Beeswax."

"No, that's no good, you chump! It's what you stick in furniture polish. Never mind; you come up in the tower with me after dinner, and I'll guarantee between us both we'll knock up some sweets that'll simply astonish Miggles, or Midget, or whatever you call her. By Jingo, I wonder I never thought of making chocolates before!"

The passages were alive with boys who had been changing for cricket when George Hyde and his friend crept upstairs, with suspicious-looking bulges in their coats highly suggestive of smuggled goods.

"Remember we want to see Watson," muttered Miller, as they hurried up to the landing on which the little music-room was situated.

"Why Watson?"

"'Cause, as I told you before, he never practises. We should look jolly foolish if we were pounced down upon and said we'd come for some one, and he happened to be there. We might have to explain matters."

A moment later they reached the den, which was found to be deserted,

save for the presence of sundry music-stands and fiddle-cases.

"Now then, up with you!" continued Miller, placing the steps under the trap door in the ceiling. "Don't drop the spirit-stove on my head."

Guided by his friend, "Pepper" crept gingerly along under the roof, until the little door was reached through which an entrance was gained into the tower. The sun beating down all the morning on slates and window-panes had made the place insufferably hot, and the first thing Miller did was to pull off his jacket and roll back the sleeves of his shirt.

"Poof!" he exclaimed. "It's warm enough here to make toffee without a fire. First, I'll go and set my signal-gun on the stairs; then we'll wedge the door, and if any one comes, what you've got to do is to grab up all your share of the things and scoot back into the roof."

These precautions having been taken, the two comrades set about making preparations for getting to business.

"It's rather risky, isn't it?" asked "Pepper," glancing first at the door and then at the way of retreat.

"Not a bit," retorted Miller, who was already as deeply interested in the prospect of attempting to make chocolate as though it were some novel chemical experiment. "Now then, let's see if we've got everything. Here's spirit-stove, tin box-lid, cocoa, sugar, gun-wad punch, clean note-paper, some water in a bottle, and bone paper-knife to stir the stuff with."

"You've forgotten the butter!" cried George.



A blank look appeared for a moment on the other's face; then it brightened.

"No, I haven't," he answered. "It's wrapped up in a bit of paper in my inside pocket."

"Gosh! it looks a bit melted! This hot weather, I suppose."

Without further hesitation the two partners began to mix the ingredients of their projected sweetmeat—Miller doing most of the actual work, and "Pepper" standing by, an interested spectator.

"Wait a jiffy!" suddenly exclaimed the latter; "I've got some sherbet."

"Sherbet! what's the good of that?"

"Oh, just put a bit in," pleaded "Pepper," who wished to have some share in the confection. "Just a pinch; it'll give it a flavour and make it rise."

The head cook complied under protest. The spirit-lamp was placed on the floor, and the impromptu frying-pan put on over the flame.

Miller bent down, prodding the weird-looking mess with the end of his paper-knife.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, a short time later, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "It's hot work, and it don't seem to be going on as it should."

"Pepper" now took a turn with the paper-knife, and continued to stir the compound for some few moments, at the end of which time he drew back coughing.

"Jiggery!" he gasped. "It does kick up a stink. I believe it's burning."

"It wants more butter in the pan," said his companion; "but we haven't got any."

"Then put some more water," suggested George. "It won't be quite as rich, but that don't matter."

Miller again took a spell with the knife, and "Pepper" went to one of the windows for a breath of fresh air.

"Quick! here a minute!" he exclaimed, looking down into the yard beneath. "Such a lark! There's Wursley going out as bold as brass, and he ought to be in detention, and Chubb's just coming round the corner. See, he's nabbed him! Ho, ho! what a lark!" And the youngster gave way to a burst of merriment at the sight of his classmate's misfortune.

Miller sprang up, and joined him at the window. But hardly had he done so when a prodigious hissing caused them both to turn round with an exclamation of dismay; for, as though suddenly determined not to stand the heat any longer, the brown mixture was pouring rapidly over the side of the tin lid.

"Pick it up!" exclaimed Miller; "it's boiling over!"

"Pick it up yourself," cried "Pepper," who did not relish the prospect of burning his fingers. The bubbling and hissing became positively alarming, and in another minute all the chocolate would be wasted. Making a frantic attempt to do something, Miller tried to lift the frying-pan with the toe of his boot, and in an instant the whole sputtering mass was down on the floor.

"You've done it now!" remarked



"Pepper," surveying the remains of the chocolate with a rueful look.

ass? You said yourself it would make it rise, and so it has. If I'd



"Well, it's all your fault," was the quick retort. "What did you make me stick sherbet in for, you young

made it my way, it would have been as right as ninepence!"

"I wish I'd never bought that stupid



box," cried "Pepper," flying off into a temper. "I'll eat the chocolates myself."

Grumbling and perspiring, the two cooks began to gather together their belongings and clean up the mess caused by the disastrous termination of their experiment.

"We shall have to cover up this mark on the boards," said Miller. "Better pile up a heap of these old books and magazines on the place. There—that'll do; now, let's make tracks."

A few minutes later the two strolled out into the school yard. For once in a way, "Pepper" seemed to have lost heart; he could not summon up sufficient resolution to eat the sweets himself, and to what other use could they be put?

He had set his mind on sending that birthday present, and now all chance of doing so seemed to have vanished. At that moment he caught sight of a boy crossing the gravel, about whose general appearance there was a brushed and tidied look, suggestive of going out.

"I say, Chambers, where are you off to?"

"Down town," was the reply.

"Then, look here, get me some chocolates," cried George, clutching at this last opportunity like a drowning man at a straw.

"All right; where's the money?"

"Pepper's" face fell; but Miller came to the rescue. He could sympathize with his friend from having had great schemes of his own come to naught.

"I'll lend you a tanner," he said.

"Here you are; and tell him not to squash 'em."

Young George's gratitude was unbounded. In due time the chocolates arrived, and the fancy box was refilled, and made to look as good as new. "Pepper" lingered looking at it before finally wrapping it up for the post.

"I've put, 'From me and Miller,'" he said.

"Get out! what did you do that for?"

"Well, it's true, and she'll value it all the more."

"If she knew all the trouble it's cost, she'd keep it under a glass case," remarked Miller.

"No fear, she won't do that; you can take my word for it," answered "Pepper" decisively. "There," he added, complacently viewing the present for the last time; "that ribbon will do for a necktie, or to stick on a hat. That's the best of girls' clothes—any mortal thing comes in handy."

Miller being a sisterless boy, and therefore not so well versed in female attire, gravely nodded his head; and "Pepper" carried off the parcel to the post-box in the hall.

### Motto for June.

*Do not look for wrong and evil—*

*You will find them if you do;*

*As you measure for your neighbour,*

*He will measure back to you.*

*Look for goodness, look for gladness—*

*You will meet them all the while;*

*If you bring a smiling visage*

*To the glass, you meet a smile.*

ALICE CARY.

Sent in by NANCIE GILCHRIST,  
34 Blacket Place, Edinburgh,  
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



## The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CAMP LIFE.

"Take the banner! and beneath  
 The battle-cloud's encircling wreath  
 Guard it!—till our homes are free!  
 Guard it!—God will prosper thee!  
 In the dark and trying hour,  
 In the breaking forth of power,  
 In the rush of steeds and men,  
 His right hand will shield thee then."

LONGFELLOW.

AFTER that first victory of theirs Moses led his army right up into the mountains. The way they took led them under towering cliffs and along a narrow pass with great frowning precipices on either side. Gradually the pass opened up between lofty rocks into a plain about half a mile in breadth, at the end of which towered a huge dark cliff rising straight up from the valley. It was one of the vast sides of Mount Sinai, and it seemed like a great wall shutting off their way. It was here that God made Himself known to His people. We read in the book of Exodus that "God came down upon Sinai," and that the people heard His voice speaking to them from the mountain, while Mount Sinai quaked as though shaken by a great earthquake. It seemed to them as if the whole mountain were on fire, and the people in the plain trembled at the thunder and the lightning which played among the rocks. Then Moses and Aaron and Aaron's two sons and seventy represen-

tatives of the Israelites went up into the mountain, and there they were granted a wonderful vision of God. When Moses himself came down from Mount Sinai, the people knew that he had been very near to God's presence; for it seemed as if a strange light shone on his face, and as though he were filled with a power that was not his own. It was, they knew, from God Himself that he brought the laws and commandments which it was so necessary for the people to have.

The 'most familiar picture in the Bible story of Moses is that which shows him with the two "tables of stone" in his hands as he came down to the plain from Mount Sinai. These poor Israelites were a terribly difficult army to lead. They were still at heart Egyptian workpeople. It takes a long time for people crushed and demoralized by slavery to rise out of it. Moses knew that well. But even he was not prepared for the shameful scene that he came upon as he descended from his vision of God in the mount. The people, left to themselves, had given themselves up to a horrible heathen feast. Aaron was quite helpless to prevent them, and had weakly made the best of it by helping them to put up an image of a golden calf, one of the old Egyptian symbols of a god. They were in the midst of a terrible scene of heathen wickedness when suddenly Moses appeared as an avenging figure of righteousness. He dashed the commandment-stones on to the rocks at his feet, and, filled with fierce anger and disgust, strode into the camp. There



was only one way with such men. He called the Levites to his side, and told them to slay the men who were corrupting the people. It was a fearful thing to have to do; but it saved the rest of the nation. It made it im-

possible for God's army to again degrade itself with the horrible customs of the old heathen world. Then when it was all over, Moses went to seek God's forgiveness for his people. He did not think of himself at all. He prayed God to "blot him

out of His book" if He would but forgive Israel. He deliberately offered himself as a sacrifice for the people. God could not take such a sacrifice, for each man, woman, and child in this world must "stand upon his own



possible for God's army to again degrade itself with the horrible customs of the old heathen world.

Then when it was all over, Moses went to seek God's forgiveness for his people. He did not think of himself at all. He prayed God to "blot him

feet." God answered Moses' great-hearted love and unselfishness by giving him more and more power to influence his people, and to help them to rise to better things.

The Bible describes "the tabernacle." It was the tent where Moses



taught those men and women that God's special presence dwelt. The ornaments of the tabernacle were very beautiful, for he wanted the people always to associate the idea of beauty with God. All their life in Egypt had been sordid and ugly; now in the free open-air life of a mountain camp Moses tried to bring some beauty and dignity into their lives. Some of those who read this story will perhaps have seen a camp of Boy Scouts from the heart of London or a Glasgow slum. For the first time the boys live a regular life under canvas. They have to get up early and have a cold dip; they must build their own fires and cook their own food. They learn woodcraft, and "scouting," and "tracking," and discipline. They are taught how picturesque life can be. They are shown "religion" as something that really enters into a boy's practical daily life and work and play—something that keeps him straight, and honourable, and clean, and true, and brotherly. Well, that is what a camp like that does. And in just the same way exactly Moses hoped to make those poor ex-slaves from the slums of Egypt into *men*. Their first camp lessons were drill and discipline; then they were taught how to make the best use of the splendid wild life they were living. And "the tabernacle" was the beautiful centre of their religious life. A veil of "fine twined linen, blue and purple and scarlet," hung before the Holy of holies. The priests wore pure linen vestments. Bezaleel, the chief architect, was told by Moses just what to

erect, and how each tiniest ornament must be made. "The Ark of the Covenant," of which we read so often, was made by skilled craftsmen, and over it were two wonderful guardian figures of cherubim, with wings stretched over the sacred ark. The tent had coverings of goat's hair and badger-skin, and many rich hangings and beautiful furs enriched the tabernacle. When a man or a boy shot a wild animal in the mountains, his first thought was that its skin might go to beautify the tent of God. It was thus that the people learnt their first lessons of worship. They also learnt what reverence means. And so day by day, under Moses' teaching, reverence and self-respect grew up together in the camp of that wandering army of men, women, and children.

Moses organized the people according to their clans. He made officers of the most capable men amongst them, and he himself was their judge. But the mere task of providing food for such a vast army was an almost overwhelming one. Many a time they were in despair for want of bread or water. But God ever saw that they were supplied.

One or two men in that army showed themselves to be men of real talent and leadership. Joshua was a man of that kind. He was a born soldier, and Moses gradually gave him more and more responsibility, till he was able to lead the army in the field.

Moses now led the Israelites towards Palestine. It was fifteen months since their departure from Egypt, and they were now, in that



## Postmark Competition.

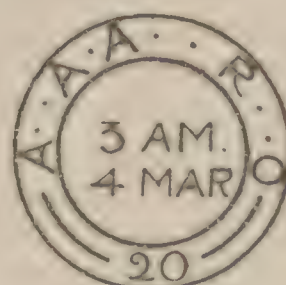
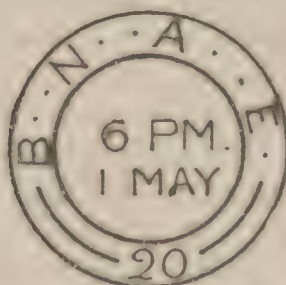
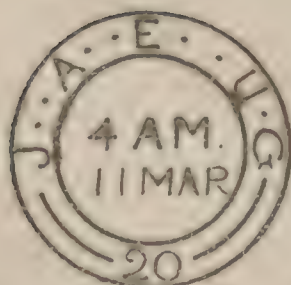
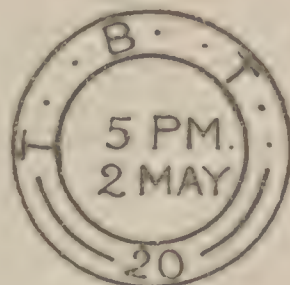
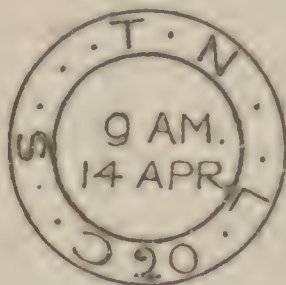
early August, only a few miles from the Holy Land. Moses sent out scouts to spy out the land. But when the twelve scouts returned, their report very much discouraged the army. Joshua and Caleb said it was a "good land," "a land flowing with milk and honey," and were in favour of at once marching upon it. But the rest of the scouts terrified the Israelites with stories of great walled cities, the inhabitants of which were "sons of Anak," giants, compared with whom the Israelites were but "as grasshoppers!" At once the wretched people took fright. Their one cry now was to "make a captain, and go back again to Egypt." People who

behaved like that were, of course, not fit yet to invade a country like Palestine. Moses delivered the divine sentence that not one of that frightened army should possess Canaan. Their children would have the conquering of the Holy Land; they themselves must go on wandering in the desert till camp life had made them fit for the work.

### Golden Text for the Month.

*Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.*—ST MATTHEW xxvi. 41.

### Postmark Competition.



The Postmarks above indicate the names of six towns. The Editor offers two prizes for the two most correct and the neatest answers. This competition is open to all ages up to sixteen.



## The Broken Bottle made Serviceable.

THIS is how you could make some use of a broken bottle with jagged edges.

Fill what is left of the bottle with oil up to a level which falls short of the rough broken part. When everything is at rest, introduce into the oil the red end of a poker just taken from the fire.

The effect depends upon the fact that glass is a poor conductor of heat. When one part is suddenly raised in temperature, the neighbouring parts remain practically unchanged in temperature. The heated part expands, and since the neighbouring parts remain unchanged in volume, a strain is produced where the parts join and a crack is caused.

It is always dangerous to heat a



A crack will be heard, and you find that the bottle has been cut cleanly at the level of the liquid.

Thus a broken bottle may be transformed into a useful vessel; a broken wine-glass or tumbler into a new one of smaller size.

By repeating the experiment with successive lowerings of the level of the oil, we may produce a set of glass rings of equal or of varying thickness.

glass vessel by a flame. The heated part will expand, and crack away from the non-heated part. To guard against this danger there is always placed between the bottom of the glass vessel and the flame a sheet of wire gauze. This gauze being made of metal, conducts heat very much more readily than the glass, and carries the heat over the glass surface, which consequently becomes heated more uniformly.



*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the  
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

## CHAPTER VI.

DAVIE'S PANAL HUNT, AND  
WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE days and months passed on and year after year went by, and still no one came near Smugglers' Island. The children were growing tall and strong; even the frail little Jenny had grown into a sturdy girl. Marian devised all manner of things to interest them, as well as having regular daily lessons. She manufactured books from the bark of the paper tree, and taught them writing with quill pens also made by herself. The ink she manufactured from a mixture of various juices.

A fine little house with a thatched roof was built on one of the highest parts of the Island, and they were on the whole very comfortable. They called their house a *wickiup*, because Marian had heard that houses made of wattles with a thatch or dirt roof like theirs was called a *wickiup*. They wore very little clothing, and food they could now get in abundance.

Davie was now growing to be quite a big boy. He was different from Delbert—more square and solid of build, of quieter and calmer temperament too, slower in his motions and also in his thought and speech. In

features he resembled Esther more than any of the others.

He was a very straightforward little fellow. No matter how much he differed from the others, he never saw any reason for concealing his opinions or denying his actions. He did not talk much, but seemed to do his share of thinking, and when he reached a conclusion was apt to cling to it rather tenaciously. He usually yielded to Marian's authority with a pretty good grace, but as he grew older he was more and more apt to disregard the wishes of the others when they crossed his own. Jennie could, as a rule, manage him pretty well, for she was very diplomatic about it, and seemed to have a gift for knowing when to coax and pet him into doing what she wanted him to, and when to twist him adroitly round her fingers in some other way.

Esther, too, though she was not so successful as Jennie, rarely clashed with her little brother; but Delbert, having perhaps less of the guile of the serpent in his make-up, often did clash in a small way. He thought that as he was older his wishes should have the preference as a matter of course. But Davie held other ideas. He did not propose to have Delbert bossing him just because he was bigger, and often he was stubborn just for the pleasure of plaguing his older brother. The trouble was never very deep-seated. Two minutes after an explosion of hot words on Delbert's part had called Marian's attention so that she could settle the matter, whatever it was, the little boy would be



cuddled up beside the older one, sweet-tempered and smiling as you please.

Delbert never seemed to lay Davie's naughtiness up against him after the immediate occasion had passed. But one day there were after effects which neither of them had counted upon.

Davie had gone with Delbert and Esther up into the pasture to see how a certain *panal* was growing, Marian and Jennie being detained at the wickiup. The *panal* was still too small to be molested, so they went back, skirting the high, rocky part of the Island that lay overlooking the shallow part of the harbour. They went down to the water once and then climbed up again, and Delbert suggested that they go back to the level pasture and follow the path home as the quickest way of getting there. Davie, for no reason save that Delbert wanted to go back to the path, decided that he wanted to continue climbing over the rocks; he said he was looking for *panales*.

Delbert did not want to go on and leave him behind, for they were a long way from the wickiup, and Davie was little. But he coaxed to no avail and issued positive orders with as little result. Esther, too, tried her hand, but it was useless. Davie continued wending his way along the roughest, rockiest part, "looking for *panales*."

Delbert fretted and fumed, and presently they came to where Davie must come back to the level land or else crawl along where it was really dangerous for him to go.

Had it been Jennie, she would have looked the other way, started a

conversation with Esther about something a long way off, and pretended to forget all about the little boy; and he, finding himself no longer in the limelight, as it were, would have quietly come back and trailed along in the path behind her. But Delbert was pretty well worked up anyway, and he was truly alarmed for Davie's safety in that spot.

"Now, Davie, you will have to come back," he said.

"No, go along here," returned Davie with true Indian brevity.

"Why, you can't! Honest, Davie, it isn't safe. Marian wouldn't let you if she were here. Come on now."

Davie hesitated a minute, debating whether he should attempt farther advance where he was or go back with the others. To jump across to the next rock was almost beyond his daring, but it would be having his own way. He made, or appeared to make, preparation for it.

A quick, hot wave of anger flashed over Delbert. He started forward, intending to catch his naughty little brother and carry him back along the path by force—at least till they were well past the rocky danger. He knew he could do it, once he got hold of him.

Davie knew it, too, and made all haste to jump before Delbert could get to him. Perhaps he could have made it, if he had done it with deliberation; but as it was he slipped, missed his mark, lost his balance, and, slipping, failed to regain it and fell.

Delbert and Esther never will forget the sickening horror of that moment.



They rushed forward and scrambled down the rocks as best they could to where the little boy lay, making no effort to get up, but screaming at the top of his lungs.

Esther was crying, too, but Delbert managed to control himself enough to refrain from that, and, frightened as he was, horrified through and through, he could still reflect that though such a fall might easily have broken his neck, Davie's yells proved he was still very much alive.

When he reached his little brother and tried to pick him up he screamed louder than before, if possible, and then Delbert saw that one leg was bent in a way that proved even to his inexperience that the bone was broken. There was also a cut on the head that was bleeding badly. With white face and shaking fingers Delbert examined the head, and was relieved to find that the skull did not seem to be broken; so he took off the rag that was tied about his own head to keep the hair out of his eyes, and tied it about Davie's to stop the bleeding. There was only salt water to be had just there, and Delbert did not know enough to know whether that would do at all to put on or not, but he knew it would make the wounds smart badly, so he did not risk washing them with it.

Esther had already started off to carry the news to Marian. Delbert almost wished he had gone himself, as he would probably have reached the wickiup a few minutes sooner. Still, supposing Davie were hurt inside! Supposing he were to die before Marian got there!

If Delbert had been older and wiser, he would have known that only about half of Davie's yells were from the pain of his injuries, and the other half were from fright at the pain. As it was, not daring to move the little fellow a bit lest he hurt him more, he could only curl down beside him and, putting his arms around him, kiss him and talk as soothingly as he could.

One arm that lay under him Davie did not try to move, but he put the other about Delbert's neck and sobbed, "I—want—to go—back—to—to the—path, Dellie!"

A week later Delbert sat down and laughed till his sides ached over the memory of that speech, but at the time it did not strike him as being at all funny.

As soon as she got back to the smooth ground, Esther ran like a little deer, ran and ran, stumbled and fell twice, and picked herself up and ran again till she was out of breath, and walked till she regained it, and ran again. She was all out of breath when she stumbled into the wickiup.

Marian was not there. She and Jennie had started down the new path for water, but in answer to Esther's wild calls they quickly returned. The tears had made streaks through the dirt that Esther got on her face when she fell, and she was sobbing so that she could not talk straight.

"Oh, he wouldn't mind Dellie, Marian, he wouldn't mind Dellie, and he fell way down on the rocks, and he's all broken and bleedy!"

It was not a very reassuring way to tell news certainly. Jennie began to



cry, but though Marian's face went white she remained calm.

"Esther, who fell?"

"Davie fell. He wouldn't mind Dellie——"

"There, there! Listen, Esther! Esther, is he dead?"

"N—n—not yet," gasped Esther; "but he's all bleedy, and Dellie says his leg is broke, and he is crying awfully."

Marian drew a long breath; then, "Jennie, stop crying, so you can help me," she said. "Esther, sit down there and get your breath. Where is Davie? Where did he fall?"

"Down by Little Pig Cove. He wouldn't go in the path, and he tried to jump and he fell, and Dellie stayed with him."

Marian pressed her hands tightly to her temples for a moment, and in that moment thought of all she could do.

"Esther," she said, "fold that blanket to take back with us. Did Delbert have his good lariat with him? Yes? Then see if you can find another stick like this out in the pile. Jennie, hold this jar so that I can pour the water in the demijohn into it. There, it isn't full, but we can't stop to go for more now."

Esther appeared with the two sticks. Marian made a bundle of their old ragged clothes and gave it to Jennie to carry; then, taking the jar of water and the blanket, she followed Esther's lead as fast as she could.

When they got back to where the boys were, they found Davie still lying where he fell, sobbing, but not quite so wildly as at first.

Delbert, white-faced and shaken still, crouched beside him.

Marian examined the child as well as she could. The cut on the head was already ceasing to bleed, and the other scratches and bumps, ugly though they were, did not alarm her, but at sight of that little crooked leg her heart sank. How could she set a bone? She mistrusted that the under arm was injured too, and goodness only knew how much more.

She set Jennie and Delbert to making a stretcher out of the two sticks and the blanket, while she and Esther hunted up some sticks as nearly straight as they could find to make a temporary splint for the leg, till they could get back to the wickiup.

Every time they moved the leg, Davie screamed and beat at them with his good arm. He made no attempt to move the other one. At last Marian ordered Jennie and Esther to hold him and his pugnacious little arm, while she and Delbert managed the leg.

Jennie began to cry. "O Marian, don't! don't!" she sobbed.

"Jennie," she said, "we have *got* to hurt him. We can't help it. We have *got* to get him back to the wickiup, where I can fix it—as well as I can. If we don't get it right, he will be a cripple all his life. The pain won't kill him; just the pain won't, dearie. He may faint, but it won't be any worse. Don't make it worse by your crying."

Marian straightened the leg a little and arranged it so that it would be held fairly steady as they carried him back.



Then she turned him over and examined the arm. She could not see that it was hurt, but she knew it must be. As gently as she could, she lifted him on to the stretcher and gave him a big drink of water. Then they started back. Davie and Esther cried all the way.

At the wickiup they laid him as gently as they could on the floor, but he screamed with the pain nevertheless. Marian set all three of the others to bringing up water, and she put some on in the little kettle over the fire.

She washed off the blood and dirt and tore her bathing-suit into bandages. Fortunately, it was clean, having been washed and boiled in fresh water, as it chanced, since she had used it, and she put a clean bandage around the head in the place of the rather dirty rag that Delbert had tied it with. Then she gathered all the little pieces of board they had, and while the others brought the water she worked at splints.

When she had got these ready, she straightened her patient out on the floor on his back, and undid the first hasty bandaging and tried to straighten his leg till it would look and feel just like the other one. Delbert set his white lips together and held the screaming child firmly. At last they thought it seemed to be right and bandaged it up.

"Marian," said Delbert, "his shoulder cracked awful funny just now."

After a little examination she said, "I guess it must have been twisted out of place a little and slipped back in. You see, he moves it now, and it

certainly feels just like the other one, at any rate."

She felt him all over, but could find nothing more that seemed like broken bones, for which she was devoutly thankful.

She had an idea that Davie must not be moved at all for a week at least, and as a precaution against this she tied the bandaged leg to the side of the wickiup.

Davie was so exhausted that he slept quite a while that afternoon, but by night he was awake and feverish, and, of course, very fretful.

Marian kept pouring a little cold water on his bandages. She was sure that was the right thing to do, and she sat beside him, soothing him by every device she could think of, and feeling her heart grow heavier and heavier as his fever rose and he struggled to turn and toss, and moaned and cried.

It was days and days before she could feel at all easy, but the fever departed, the swellings went down, and no more lame spots came to light. Davie ate well and slept fairly well too. He began to regain his old sunny ways, and the tension on Marian's nerves relaxed. But, of course, she had to stay by him pretty closely; so the other children performed the business of the day alone.

*(To be continued.)*

Answer to Conundrum in  
*May Children's Paper.*

BECAUSE it is Mersey (mercy).



## Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 120. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than June 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

## Competitions for June.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

*In each Competition the Editor offers three prizes.*

For all Ages up to sixteen.

#### ESSAY COMPETITION.

Tell the story of a Treasury note. (Not to exceed 250 words.)

#### DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS COMPETITION.

1. Behead a coarse linen fabric, and find reckless; behead once more, and find a tree.
2. Behead clever and find a market; behead once more, and find skill.
3. Behead a crevice, and find departed; behead once more, and find a lizard.
4. Behead a movement of the eyes, and find to join; behead once more, and find a liquid.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

#### SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write from memory an account of Paul and his journeys.

**For Children under Twelve only.**

#### COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Choose a short story, and tell it in your own words.

#### DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

L..d.n .. t.. c.p..a. o. e.g.a.d.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a piece of lilac, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

#### SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of David and Jonathan.

**For Children under Ten only.**

#### LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your favourite book.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a violet, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

#### MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

## Prize List for April.

#### ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Elizabeth Stevens, 146 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh.
2. Eileen Magee, Lisdoo, Urney, Strabane, co. Tyrone.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMONDS.

1. Iris Fenton, 37 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh.
2. Edith Lewis, 16 Alexandra Terrace, Totnes, Devon.
3. Mary Macbeth, 24 Villas Place, Burley, Leeds.

*Honourable Mention.*—David Martyn, Hayfield, Wellshot Drive, Cambuslang; Peggie



Milne, 20 Nile Grove, Edinburgh; Florrie Hill, 9 Green Dragon Lane, Brentford.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa. 2. Stanley Gibson, 1 Dumbarton Road, Stirling. 3. Ruby Clay, The Vicarage, Bisley, near Stroud.

*Honourable Mention.*—Morton M'Gibbon, 100 Thirlestane Road, Edinburgh; Barbara Perring, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Ethel Smith, Chant Villas, Leven; Isobel Robertson, The Hotel, Forteviot, by Forgandenny; Mary Arrowsmith, Minshull Vernon C.E. School, near Crewe; Dorothy Knowles, 41 Ella Street, Blackman Lane, Leeds; Ronald Wilder, 249 Allison Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

#### SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Nettie Henderson, Featherhall Street, John's Road, Corstorphine. 2. George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford. 3. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

*Honourable Mention.*—David Attwood, Lower Dunton Hall, Bulphan, near Romford; Lila Snoddy, 41 Circular Road, Larne; Doris Beach, Wyvern, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham.

#### COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Albert Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham. 2. Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester. 3. Percival Buckingham, The School, Knowstone, South Molton.

*Honourable Mention.*—Margery Salmon, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; Marion Codd, Lower Broomborough, Totnes; Evelyn Graham, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake, near Leicester; Stanley Wilson, 2 Carlisle Terrace, Omagh, Co. Tyrone.

#### DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

1. Gladys Garrett, 6 Hertford Street, Oxford. 2. Elsie Horne, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring. 3. Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Mount, Blackman Lane, Leeds.

*Honourable Mention.*—Kathleen Robinson, Dundonald Terrace, Stepps, Glasgow; Ursula Voelter, 3 Rockingham Street, off Wade Lane, Leeds; Victor Brett, Queen Square, Attleborough, Norfolk; Ethel Kennedy, Captain Street, Coleraine; Nellie Hancock and Molly Thorne, The School, Knowstone, South Molton.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Joseph Boyes, 7 Douglas Park Terrace, Hillfoot, Bearsden. 2. Kathleen White, Rise Shirlaugh, near Hull. 3. Margaret Young, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester.

*Honourable Mention.*—Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Mount, Blackman Lane, Leeds; William Hall, Lower Dunton Hall Cottages, Bulphan, Romford, Essex; Kathleen Rice and Muriel Stoye, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester.

#### LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Margaret Young, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester. 2. Marion Codd, Lower Broomborough, Totnes. 3. Jean Howie, Milton Farm, Kilbirnie.

*Honourable Mention.*—Queenie Phillot, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Elsie Cole, 103 Hertford Street, Landport, Portsmouth; Edith Radbourne, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; George Smith, 96 Crail Street, Parkhead, Glasgow.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Zoe Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey. 2. Freada Grice, Homeleigh, Holywell Lane, Rubery, Birmingham. 3. Margaret Taylor, Rosebank, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton.

*Honourable Mention.*—Annie Fiddler, Edwin Horn, and Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring; Donald Downie, Dykebar Cottages, near Paisley; John Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow; Geoffrey Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Oxford.

#### POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Kathleen Holland, 129 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford. 2. Maggie Parkhill, Waverley Terrace, Coleraine.

*Honourable Mention.*—Nancy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen; Winnie Bristow and Violet Fiddler, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring; Gwendoline Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford; James Carson, 9 Market Street, Lurgan, Ireland; Audrey Bartlett, Glenburrie, Bideford.

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June.

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Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.





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